

The Green Sheaf

No. I



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SOLD BY ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

The Green Sheaf.



The Book-worm.

The Green Sheaf.



THE HILL OF HEART'S DESIRE.

Translated by Lady Gregory from the Irish of Raferty, a Peasant Poet of seventy years ago.

AFTER the Christmas, with the help of Christ, I will never stop if I am alive, I will go to the sharp-edged little hill. For it is a fine place, without fog falling, a blessed place that the sun shines on, and the wind does not rise there, or anything of the sort.

And if you were a year there you would get no rest, only sitting up at night and eternally drinking.

The lamb and the sheep are there, the cow and the calf are there, fine land is there without heath and without bog. Ploughing and seed-sowing in the right month, and plough and harrow prepared and ready ; the rent that is called for there, they have means to pay it ; oats and flax there, and large eared barley ; beautiful valleys with good growth in them, and hay. Rods grow there, and bushes and tufts, white fields are there and respect for trees ; shade and shelter from wind and rain ; priests and friars reading their book ; spending and getting is there, and nothing scarce.

The Green Sheaf.

A SONG OF THE PYRENEES.



Out of your smile I weave a silver web,
And as the day grows down to evensong
I fold it round my heart, this glistening veil,
And sit and dream there shrouded in your smile.

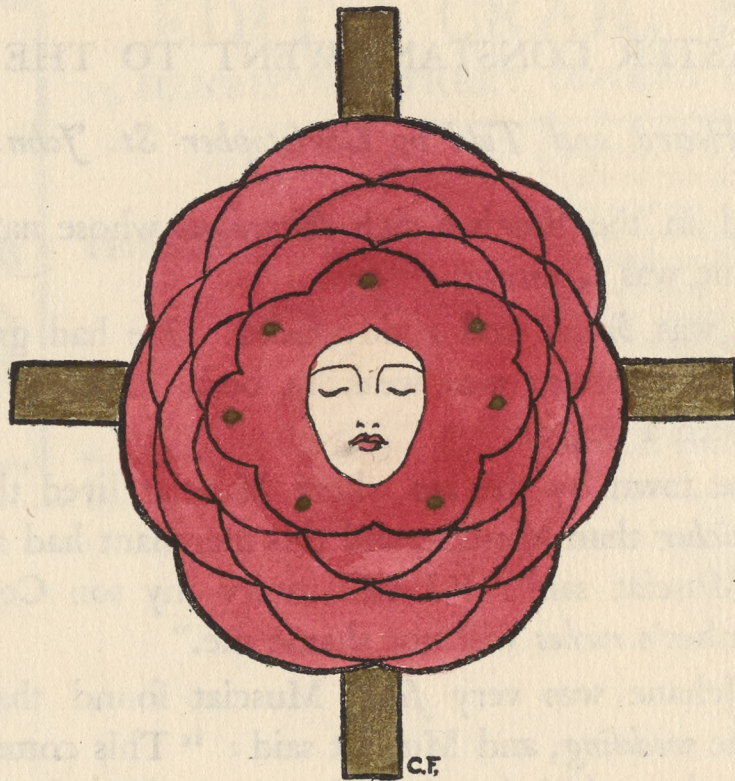
Out of a word from you I weave a song,
And a dim music that I only hear
Flows through the hours of sunshine and of storm,
The music of the stars out of one word.

Out of your silences I build my heaven,
A strange fair garden 'neath a slumbering moon ;
Amid the din and chatter of the world
I dwell there in my heaven of silences.

Alix Egerton.



The Green Sheaf.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

BEYOND the warring of vain hopes, I hear
A voice that cries for ever in my breast :
“ *They who have dreamed of Beauty and yet fear
To cast away the world, shall find no rest
Beneath the sun, but hang upon the Rood
Of Time, until the world is laid to sleep,
And they are one with the bright multitude
Merged in the untroubled splendour of the deep.*”

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf.

HOW MASTER CONSTANS WENT TO THE NORTH.

Heard and Told by Christopher St. John.

There lived in the South a rich *Merchant* whose name was *Musciat*, and his son's name was *Constans*.

The father was *broad* and ruddy-faced. He had great strength and great *Pride*. But *Constans* was weak in body and his *Humility* was as though he had been a beggar.

Now in the town by the *sea* where *Musciat* lived there was another *Merchant* even *richer* than *Musciat*, and this merchant had a daughter called *Jehane*. And *Musciat* said: "I will marry my son *Constans* to *Jehane* . . . then her father's *riches* will not shame me."

Although *Jehane* was very *fair*, *Musciat* found that *Constans* was nowise hot on the *wedding*, and *Musciat* said: "This comes of feeding and clothing poor people, and kissing their *feet*. . . . My son, you shall have no more of my *gold* to squander on *mesel folk* . . . if you take not *Jehane* as your wife."

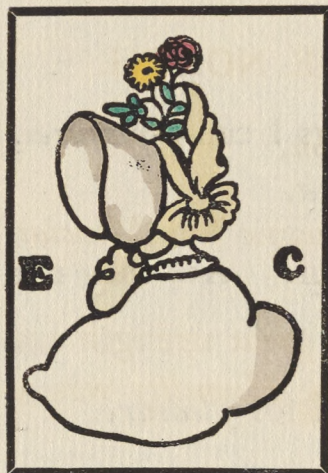
Constans answered nothing for some time. Then, heavy-hearted, he spoke. "I have sworn faith to a *Princess* of the North . . . and although *Jehane* is fairer than a star-bright *evening*, I will not wed her."

"God's mercy!" said *Musciat*, mocking him. "And when were you in the *North*?" "I was never there," said *Constans*. "But in clear dream I have seen her . . . and she is my *fellow* . . . I am to seek her . . . when I am worthy."

And *Musciat* answered in a great rage that *Constans* should seek her now. And *Musciat* drove *Constans* out.

(To be continued in the next Number.)

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The Green Sheaf.

My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—*pictures, verses, ballads of love and war* ; tales of *pirates* and the *sea*.

You will find ballads of the *old world* in my *Sheaf*. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are *good* for *bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*.

I hope you will have my *Sheaf* in your house and like it.

It will stay *fresh* and *green* then.

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